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The Week

THE high gods of irony must have smiled wryly as they looked down upon the fifth anniversary of the end of the war to end war. At the end of the fifth year since hostilities terminated the world is worse off in almost every way than when they began in 1914; and in the last half-decade the likelihood of war has not been diminished but has greatly increased. The German Republic which, when it was born five years ago, was hailed with such jubilation, is on the point of complete economic and political collapse. Its government, as impotent as that of China, can only look helplessly on while two groups of Monarchist reactionaries fight among themselves over the question whether the throne which they expect soon to be restored shall be occupied by a Hohenzollern or a Wittelsbach. That same Crown Prince who shared with his father an ignoble flight for life five years ago now returns triumphantly to fight for the dynasty; and the ex-Kaiser prepares to join him. Meanwhile, victorious France dominates the Continent and continues to pursue her fixed plan of destroying her hereditary enemy. She remains in the Ruhr; she still hopes for the success of her patently artificial "Rhineland Republic;" and she has succeeded in destroying the project for a new international conference which should at this late date make a fair investigation of Germany's capacity to pay.

THAT the American government would refuse to accept the Poincaré conditions was a foregone conclusion: in fact, M. Poincaré drew them with precisely that purpose in view. A conference which must consider only how much Germany can pay before 1930 and must assume a continued French occupation of the Ruhr would not be a conference, but a farce. M. Poincaré has got himself cleverly out of an awkward predicament. If he had refused the Curzon-Hughes invitation out of hand, the public opinion of the world would have been weighted heavily against him. By accepting "in principle" but with impossible conditions he has forced Washington to do the declining. It seems likely that Great Britain will follow the advice of the Imperial Conference and, if the coöperation of Italy and Belgium can be secured, will invite America to join an inquiry from which France will be excluded. Whether Italy and Belgium could be persuaded to make such a final break with the mistress of Europe, whether Messrs. Coolidge and Hughes, harried as they already are by the isolationists at home, would come in, and whether an inquiry opposed by France from the beginning could have any useful effects, are all questions which the future must decide.

THE NEW YORK WORLD, by way of commemorating Armistice Day, indulged in an interesting piece of journalistic enterprise. It asked scores of the leading men of all nations whether in their opinion the nations are now in closer accord than five years ago, whether they are coming closer, what is their greatest need, and how may it best be secured? Many replies were received, including some from such Europeans as Curzon, Cardinal Mercier, Masaryk, Viviani, Theunis, Arthur Balfour, Nitti and Philip Snowden, and such Americans as Borah, House, Dulles, Baruch and Eliot. The

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views expressed are fairly summarized in the World's headlines: "Foreign statesmen and men of affairs believe generally that Europe is in worse plight than before the war;" "Americans of national prominence take dark view of situation;" "Italian statesmen take pessimistic view;" "U. S. senators fear result to world in racial hatred;" "Big business men pessimistic over Europe's outlook;" "Europe's condition becoming worse to grave degree, says ex-premier Giolitti;" "Nations never more apart, says Gerard;" "Churchmen see little advance in half decade." Not all the participants in the symposium are as gloomy as these headlines indicate, and a number of them express high faith in the League of Nations, or in America's reëntry into European affairs, or in both. In general, however, the picture presented is one to make the angels weep. In the opinion of a majority of these eminent gentlemen, the inhabitants of large portions of the globe have not only forgotten the technique of peace, but have lost the desire for such a state.

FORMER PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON is one man whose views have altered not at all in the five years since the war ended. In his first formal public address since his illness, a radio speech on the eve of Armistice Day, he declared that America has withdrawn into a "sullen and selfish" isolation, to which he applied the words "ignoble," "cowardly" and "dishonorable." He asks us to return to "the true conditions of America" by "resolving to put self-interest away and once more formulate and act upon the highest ideals and purposes of international policy." France and Italy, he believes, "between them have made waste paper of the Treaty of Versailles"—a statement which is partly true, yet takes one's breath away by the amount of recent history it ignores. Mr. Wilson's position entitles him to a respectful hearing; but candor compels one to admit that there seems no possibility that his appeal can succeed. Millions of his fellow citizens indicated by their votes in 1920 that they believed him wrong; and the events of the past three years have assuredly given more corroboration to them than to him.

SCARCELY any of the recommendations of the Coal Commission exhibit greater courage and open-mindedness than that of a differential tax, falling lightly on the low profit operator and more heavily on the operators making larger ones. The differences in profits in such an industry as coal mining result chiefly from the relative difficulty of working the various seams. It is absurd that private operators and owners should be permitted to pocket the whole benefit arising from the natural superiority of the richer mines. The public ought to take its share of the benefit through taxation. The commission evidently contemplates a federal tax. Some weeks ago we suggested that the proper solution of the problem is a differential tax levied by the State of Pennsylvania in lieu of the existing flat-rate mining tax. Such a solution would have an immediate effect in reducing the cost of coal to the consumer and could be made to provide an increased revenue for the state.

IF it is desirable to reduce our national revenues the proposals of Secretary Mellon have much to recommend them. The distribution of the reductions among several classes is fair, assuming that the original distribution of burdens was fair—the most generous assumption a conservative like Secretary Mellon could have been expected to make. The smaller incomes, which cannot obtain relief through the refuge of tax exempt investments, would make the gain that counts most. Secretary Mellon shows himself unexpectedly liberal in his argument for distinguishing between earned and unearned income and for lightening the burden on the former. This used to be regarded as socialistic doctrine. In his discussion of relief for the higher classes of the surtax he takes his stand on the purely fiscal ground that a reduction in rates would in the long run increase the revenue. We are not sure about that, and we are not ready to believe that Secretary Mellon has the facts to prove it beyond doubt.

WE question the advisability of reducing the revenue at the present time. It is true that we have made good progress in the payment of our debt. It stands more than four billions under the peak, and at our present rate of payment it can be wholly extinguished within a generation. It can be extinguished if we do not run into any period of extraordinary expenditures, such as would be involved if we found ourselves compelled to take over the railways and pay their owners in cash. We may run into such a period, and for that reason it would be prudent to make as much speed with our debt extinction as we can. We are prosperous and can afford to pay taxes liberally. If it seems desirable to reduce the burden of the income tax, the loss ought to be made up on some other revenue item. We suggest that Secretary Mellon reconsider his old and fallacious arguments against the excess profits tax. Here is a source from which we could obtain three or four hundred million dollars without placing a handicap on any enterprise. If Secretary Mellon thinks the public interest in this tax is gone forever he has something to learn when the western Senators and Congressmen come back to Washington.

SOME of W. R. Hearst's journalistic competitors in New York City have been commenting, not without a trace of discreet satisfaction, on the ter-

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rific jolt he is supposed to have received in the recent election. Hearst had split with his long-time ally, Tammany, in regard to a group of judiciary candidates, and had conducted against the organization and its slate one of his typical campaigns, plastering over his New York American and Evening Journal (which now have a combined circulation of 1,041,000 a day) with cartoons, full page editorials, and "news articles," designed to show that the Tammany candidates were at the very least second cousins of the devil. The result was a stunning defeat for Mr. Hearst. Tammany won by a huge vote and the publisher's candidates were at the tail of the procession.

IT is easy to declare that this rings down the curtain on Hearst's political power in New York; but it is probably more accurate to say that his strength has never been as large as his friends and most of his enemies have assumed. In recent years, Tammany has won several victories against the combined strength of the whole metropolitan press except the Hearst sheets; and it has been argued, by a post hoc, propter hoc process, that he has an unusual grip upon his readers. We doubt it. We believe a more accurate analysis would declare that Hearst readers are drawn by the scandal and crime of the news columns, and read the editorials, if at all, because they are so violent and cocksure, not because they are convincing. In the long run, Hearst after all has nothing much to say. He is consistent and vigorous from day to day but not from year to year. If our analysis is correct, he creates readers but not followers; and only followers of the blindest devotion could be expected to perform such a right-about-face as he recently demanded.

THERE is a lesson which some of the leading powers might well take to heart, in the peaceful termination of the recent dispute between Bulgaria and Jugoslavia. A Jugoslav military attaché, Colonel Krastitch, was set upon and beaten in the Bulgarian capital by a group of thugs. This is just the sort of incident to produce a very pretty little war; but instead of mobilizing its troops, the Bulgarian government has promptly disavowed the action, and has apologized formally and publicly. An indemnity is to be paid the Jugoslavs, the amount of which is to be determined by the World Court. In view of the fact that Colonel Krastitch was not seriously injured, the indemnity demand seems unnecessary; but with world affairs going as they are at present any action by anybody which points in the direction of peace instead of war is cause enough for jubilation.

LUDENDORFF'S espousal of the pseudo-revolution is interesting chiefly for the light it throws on the militarist character. Unquestionably Ludendorff is an extremely able man in the field of his professional training. The victory of Tannenberg, which permanently lamed the Russian army, was won under Ludendorff's strategy, and his conduct of the fighting on the western front, though not so brilliant, stands comparison with the performance of any other general down to the time when Foch was given the supreme command of the Allied armies. Where Ludendorff was hopelessly weak was in his judgment of civil forces. He could never get it through his head that it is only in theory that the whole civil population can be subordinated to the military. Assuming as he did that the will of the German people could be made as rigid as his own he threw all his weight against every movement for "peace without victory." More than any one else, he was responsible for the madness of Germany in carrying the war to the point where utter defeat confronted her. His recent exploit is of a piece with his past. It exhibits courage, and absolute incapacity to form a sound judgment on the civil forces involved in his problem.

ACCORDING to an article by Francis Delaisi in the New York World the economic objectives of the French industrialists have shifted decisively in the last four years. At the outset they entertained the notion of effecting a union between the interests of Lorraine and those of the Ruhr, under French domination, of course. But since that time they have come around to the view that the French metallurgical industry is capable of such expansion as to make unnecessary any cooperation with the Ruhr metal works. The French industry can produce several million tons of steel in excess of any possible French consumption. This surplus must be marketed abroad, and it can be marketed to advantage only if Germany is prevented from competing. The logic of the position is that the Ruhr metallurgical industry must be destroyed, not helped to its feet in the interest of reparations. And the French are a logical people.

NEW YORK CITY theatrical managers lately rejoiced to find the horrors of one type of censorship somewhat mitigated, only to have their spirits dampened next day by the announcement of a new type of inquisition more dreadful than the last. Augustus Thomas, on behalf of the Producing Managers' Association, succeeded in having a curb put on the activities of John S. Sumner, successor to the late lamented Anthony Comstock as head of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. In the future, complaints against the theatre will not be investigated by the New York City Department of Licenses solely on the testimony of Mr. Sumner or any other professional immorality hunter. Charges must be corroborated by the indignation of at least a few private citizens before action is

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taken. No sooner had this good news been celebrated, however, than Police Commissioner Enright announced a new censorship committee of his own consisting, incredible as it seems, of one deputy commissioner, one commissioner's secretary, and one lady detective. Naturally, the managers object to this committee, which they consider superfluous. A system was worked out last year, and is still in force, whereby three hundred respectable citizens formed themselves into a panel from which a jury of twelve chosen by lot would visit any theatrical performance suspected of impropriety. A vote of nine of these twelve could enforce alteration in dialogue or the withdrawal of a whole performance. Why, the managers ask with reason, isn't this good enough?

MUCH as one would like at this juncture to take a whole hearted stand in favor of freedom of utterance and against all censorship, it is difficult to do so in view of the present facts. The efforts of the censors are usually directed against earnest-minded plays which, when they discuss sexual problems, do so only to drive home a most virtuous moral. The action is generally silly and almost always uncalled for. It is a fact, however, that a few New York managers, emboldened perhaps by the free manners of the post-war era, have lately taken to making presentations which are flagrantly indecent. However much you may be in favor of abolishing restraint and destroying inhibitions, you must agree that such exhibitions contribute nothing to the campaign for greater freedom. Thus far, the noble committee of three hundred appears to have done little toward cleaning up the spots where prophylactic work is most needed. If it delays, the managers must not be surprised if they find themselves reaping the Sumner-Enright whirlwind.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, who seems to have been engaged in one furious battle or another from the moment he lately landed on our sometimes hospitable shores, has lately been indulging in the greatest of a public man's luxuries, by saying for publication not only everything he thinks, but even more than that. America, he declares in effect, is a perfectly terrible place, good enough only for the perfectly terrible people who inhabit it. He doesn't like prohibition, our restaurant service, safety razors, Christian Science, Sunday newspapers, or our immigration policy. Americans are "lazy but lovable" and "the best half educated people in the world." We have little honor, justice or dignity, but by way of compensation we have an incredible number of cranks. Evidently it did Mr. Zangwill good to unburden himself; and since it is clear that the things he criticizes are partly those little national idiosyncrasies which so often irritate a Londoner, and partly the normal result of geographical and biological factors, no one need take offence at our visitor's plain speech.

The Obstacle to Peace in Europe

AMERICAN public opinion has with insignificant exceptions sustained Secretary Hughes in his refusal to participate in a reparations conference limited according to the prescriptions of M. Poincaré. If his prohibitions had been loyally accepted by the conference, it would necessarily have become a creature of French policy, whereas its major purpose from the British and American point of view was to formulate a radically different alternative to the policy of France. M. Poincaré consented to the proposed assemblage, as he had consented to the Genoa conference, because he hoped to frustrate its objects more effectively by pretending than by refusing to participate in it. The incident is only one more illustration of the inflexible determination of the rulers of France to keep a free hand in dealing with Germany and in restricting the participation of other nations in the drama of Germany's fate to the rôle of aid and comforter to France.

Is there any positive action which Great Britain and the United States can now take which will be immediately effective in rescuing Germany, in curbing France and in checking the rising tide of social anarchy in continental Europe? We doubt whether there is. A general conference on the condition of Europe is not yet possible. The French government would oppose it or shackle it more relentlessly than it did a conference of experts, and if an American administration took part in its deliberations, it would run a grave risk of having its agreements repudiated. A diplomatic offensive against France by the British and American governments would depend for its effectiveness upon the threat of war, and even if it were politically possible for Great Britain and this country to utter such a threat (which it isn't) that kind of diplomacy is for the present abhorrent to the conscience of both the British and American nations. If France is to be frustrated, her opponents must invoke a method of coercion which does not involve the threat of war. Is such a method conceivable and practicable?

There is, we believe, such a method although British and American public opinion does not clearly see it and is far from ready to invoke it. The method does not consist, as has been suggested, in a demand for a funding of the debt which France owes to the British and American governments. That to our mind would be a futile as well as a doubtful method of trying to coerce France. If the French government refused to fund, as it certainly would, they could not take any effective steps to collect the debt; and in refusing to pay the French could allege with a large amount of truth that payment by France would impose an intolerable and unjust burden on the French people. The

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only other suggested method is that of going on with a conference on Germany's "capacity to pay" even though France will not participate. There is much to be said in favor of adopting this course, assuming that Italy and perhaps Belgium will agree. It provides a means of keeping the subject under agitation and of educating public opinion in Europe and America as to the meaning of the reparations problem and to the need of isolating France. But it would be only a diplomatic makeshift whose value would depend not upon what it was and did but upon how it was followed up.

A conference of economic experts on Germany's "capacity to pay" is bound to be more or less a lie. The French government, while pretending to seek reparations, is wrecking the economic machinery of Germany and is making it morally and physically impossible for Germany to pay anything. It does not require a conference of economic experts to establish this obvious truth. Such a conference would in all probability be loath to admit this truth and to emphasize its full significance, for by so doing it would implicitly deny its own competence to contribute anything essential towards the solution of the problem. It would say in effect that German reparations had become a political and a moral rather than an economic predicament, and that a way out would be found by acting in the light of relevant political and ethical rather than economic principles.

What is the political and ethical affirmation which is peculiarly relevant to the crisis? It is the affirmation that the danger to civilization in Europe is directly traceable to the politics of force and to the perfidious and vindictive punishment of the vanquished which the Treaty of Versailles embodied. Other treaties, such as those of Berlin and Vienna, gave the sanction of law to international agreements which were certain to result in future wars. But Versailles for the first time authorized the continuation of the destructive operations of war as a part of the legal processes of peace. That is why it has so quickly resulted in economic disaster and in such perilous moral and political confusion. If the European peoples are to reach any pacification except a precarious French dictatorship or a ghastly peace of physical and moral exhaustion, they must recognize the impossibility of recovery as long as the Treaty is supposed to be the foundation of European order. And if Great Britain and the United States are to intervene effectively in Europe on behalf of political as well as moral reconstruction, their common policy must tend towards the abandonment of the Versailles compromise and the substitution for it of a settlement which will give back to the German people the right to dispose of their own lives.

President Wilson deprived his address on Armistice Day of relevance and reality by his inability, natural though it was, to understand what has taken place since his retirement. The military victory, which he still glorifies as one of the supreme blessings of human history has gradually lost much of its former glamor. Even Mr. Lloyd George now attributes a large part of the prevailing misery and uncertainty of Europe to the complete success of the knock-out blow. Victory did not bring peace to Europe, because the peace-makers in Paris could not refrain from abusing their unlimited power. The possession of that power did not increase their sense of responsibility for the welfare of a vanquished foe whom they had deprived of all possibility of protecting himself. It drugged their consciences and provided them with plausible excuses for granting to the people who proposed to destroy Germany a sufficiently clear right of way. Mr. Wilson has reproached France for breaking the Treaty and there is an apparent justification for the reproach, but the calamities of Europe are caused more by loyalty to the Treaty than by disloyalty to it. If he had not accepted a compromise which encouraged the existing French mixture of legalism and lawlessness, the Poincaré policy would have been impossible. Inasmuch as the vindictive treatment of Germany, authorized by the Treaty, was certain to unsettle Europe, it was fortunate for the American people that the Senate did not ratify it. The refusal to ratify was, indeed, equivalent to a reversal of the decision which the American people made when they entered the war, but it was not the ignoble and cowardly repudiation which Mr. Wilson makes it out to be. He himself rendered inevitable the ultimate resumption by the United States of freedom of action by associating American responsibility to Europe with the enforcement of a Treaty which consecrated more completely than ever before the reign of force in European politics.

Ultimately Great Britain will have to follow the example of the United States and free herself from any further responsibility for enforcing the Treaty of Versailles. As long as the British government is bound by the provisions of that document, it is fatally embarrassed in carrying out any policy which will have a fair chance of bringing peace to the Continent of Europe. It is aiming now at the establishment in Germany of an international government which would administer what is left of German credit resources and good will for the benefit of her creditors. If this plan were tried in good faith, it has no doubt a fighting chance of pulling Germany through; but France as usual stands in the way. Her ratification of the Treaty binds Great Britain to obtain French consent to the execution of any plan which is intended to rescue Germany and save Europe. She will never obtain that consent; and in the course of the next few months, British public opinion will recognize the inexorable character of this barrier. It will then understand that the only remaining chance of

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ultimately appeasing Europe is to denounce the Treaty and to concentrate on France the sole responsibility for the consequences of French policy. That is the method of coercing France that measures up to the needs of the crisis. It is a grim and hideously costly method; but once the Treaty gave to France the opportunity of destroying Germany by due process of law, it became the only adequate method.

Why They Join the Klan

FOR the student of social phenomena there is rich food for reflection in the fact that all the adverse criticism to which the Ku Klux Klan has been subjected has not apparently hampered the growth of the organization even in the slightest degree. Indeed, it seems as though rapidity of growth and bitterness of criticism must have some direct relationship. In part, this is the result of the natural human trait of sympathy for the "under dog," and especially when he is the object of attacks by the press. In part, it is due to a failure by most critics of the hooded order to make due allowance for the forces which have brought it into being.

No matter how much you may, as we do, deplore the fact, the Klan today has no fewer than 2,500,000 members, and perhaps as many as 4,000,000; the national headquarters alone have assets of about $1,000,000; it virtually dominates the politics of Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Indiana; and is very strong in Ohio, Oregon, Maine, Connecticut, New Jersey and a dozen other states. It has sent Earle B. Mayfield to the United States Senate from Texas, and has kept out of the same body Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana. It has gone into national politics with all its might, and to stay; it fully intends that there shall be a Klan candidate for President next year, and that he shall win. Under the circumstances, it is perhaps about time that we should lay aside mere abuse long enough to make an attempt to understand this phenomenon, and the factors in American life which have brought it into being.

It is absurd to suppose that the Ku Klux Klan is composed exclusively of the community's dregs, mere hoodlums who welcome the opportunity it affords for participation in sadistic orgies with the whip. In the South this element appears to be at least an active minority in the organization everywhere, and a majority in many localities; but there are also, both in the South and North (and particularly the latter) hundreds of thousands of Klansmen who are solid, respectable citizens, kind and loving husbands and fathers, conscientious members of their churches. The worst crime to be assessed against these individuals is ignorance, and the bigotry which ignorance produces.

It should be noted that the Klan, as it enters any new community, begins with the leading citizens, and works down. After the first novelty has worn off, it is frequently the case that the rougher and more lawless members get control and set the tone. Though only a small fraction of the members, as a rule, actually participate in crimes of violence, it is by this group and its deeds that the organization as a whole is judged.

The Klan, like every other proselyting organization, adapts itself to each community it enters. In the South, it uses the Negro as a stalking horse. In California it is anti-Japanese. Along the Atlantic seaboard, where anti-Semitism is found, it attacks the Jew; and in the northern part of the Middle West the Catholic church is its foe. It is worth noting that the worst outrages of the Klan have been reported from communities where similar outrages had taken place at fairly frequent intervals for years before the Klan had its recent rebirth. While mob psychology certainly plays its part in lowering the standards of an erstwhile decent individual, it is safe to assume that a man who has been sober and upright all his life will still retain some measure of sobriety and uprightness even after he has gone through the childish nonsense of signing his name in blood to the Klansman's oath of fealty.

The members of the order, then, taking them by and large, are not vicious, but misled. Their very zeal for the maintenance of American institutions which they believe are endangered, has caused them to embrace a philosophy absolutely opposed to the democratic principle. Probably the war, which has become so universal a scapegoat, must also be blamed for the mental attitude which makes prospective members of the Klan. The war produced in many millions of Americans a profound disillusionment and destruction of existing beliefs. The principles of security and justice which were supposed to rule the civilized world were suddenly found to be far less substantial than had been supposed. Moreover, persons with a private axe to grind both then and later spread strange stories about those in authority. President Wilson, for example, was alleged to be controlled by the Jews—"look at Brandeis and Baruch;" or by the Catholics—"look at Tumulty." The "Bolshevist menace" has also been exploited for all it is worth by the numerous individuals and societies which have made a living by selling hysteria; and out in the country districts sober and worthy, if none too intelligent, citizens have had no means of discovering how exaggerated these alarmist statements really were. Finally, prohibition has done its part. The law has been evaded so generally and flagrantly that it is small wonder the average citizen, especially in the small towns, has believed the persuasive Ku Klux salesman who has told him that the government at Washington has lost all

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authority, and that the people must take into their own hands the task of preserving law and order, just as they had to do throughout the entire West in pioneer days.

It may or may not be true that the Ku Klux Klan will fall of its own weight; but even if it does the conditions which made it possible will not disappear and as long as they continue the danger of a recrudescence of Klannishness, perhaps on an even greater scale, will be constantly present. In the long run, the only answer to the Ku Klux Klan is to offer the people convincing proof that some of the supposed evils against which it is directed are non-existent, and that the rest are being attacked through proper and adequate channels. There is only one sovereign remedy for this disease, and it is education—both to raise the general intellectual level of the community, and to puncture the specific superstitions as to the malevolent designs of any one religious or racial group.

There is undoubtedly much truth in the charge that newspapers are afraid to discuss with any frankness the affairs of the Catholic church. So are educators, public speakers, and most of all, politicians. It is the existence of such taboos that makes it possible for the Klan to work underground and gain widespread adherence for its fantastic stories—such as the report, for instance, that the birth of every male child in a Catholic family is celebrated by burying a gun and ammunition underneath the church, in preparation for The Day when the government is to be overthrown on behalf of the Pope. Similar taboos exist in lesser degree in regard to the position of the Jew and the Negro in the community. There is little hope for improvement in the present situation until all of them are broken, and a healthy atmosphere of free discussion is substituted.

Above all, we need historical education as to what American ideals really are, and as to how and why these ideals are violated by the creed of the "little Americans." Until we are willing to make a genuine effort of this sort, we must be prepared to see either a continuance of the Klan itself or at best, a continued fertility of the soil from which it has sprung, with the likelihood that the whole phenomenon may be repeated at almost any time.

The Anthracite Monster

PRIVATE finance in the mining of anthracite coal, like an insect found by lifting a stone, crawls through its first beam of light in the detailed report on profits and investments just released by the United States Coal Commission. A brief glance at its elaborate confusion is enough to give a nightmare to any one who cares for order and common sense.

The easiest approach to an estimate of profits is through a study of the margins per ton between selling price and cost. Margins are not the same as profits, since out of them must be deducted interest on borrowed money and federal taxes.

In the year 1921, thirty-nine companies reported a loss. From this minus quantity, the margin varied to over $1.50 per ton in the case of the three best companies. The companies reporting losses or small margins account for the lesser part of the production. More than 80 percent of the coal mined bore a margin of over 40 cents a ton. Sixty percent of the coal bore margins over 50 cents; 25 percent of it over 70 cents. Under private enterprise it would have been impossible to cut the price of anthracite without thereby keeping out of production a part of the necessary supply. Yet the prices charged obviously gave large profits to a majority of the companies. If all operations and profits had been pooled and prices had been subject to public control, it might have been possible to lop off as much as 40 cents a ton and still furnish a generous return on the whole investment.

In the first quarter of 1923 this absurdity became even more marked, one company reporting a loss and six reporting margins of over $3.00 a ton. During this period 50 percent of the coal mined was at an operators' margin of over 90 cents. A glance at these tables shows why, in spite of the enormous profits of important companies, it was rash to hope that any large part of the increase in miners' wages would be absorbed by the operators—under private control of production. The big profits of some are made possible by the high costs of others.

Something about the growth of profits can be told from the growth of the average margin of the ten railroad coal companies. In 1913 they realized 33 cents a ton above their costs. In the first quarter of 1923 they were clearing $1.18 a ton—nearly four times as much. Even in 1921 their margin per ton was 85 cents.

The investment figures are even more insane. An engineers' estimate of the value of the mines, based solely on present and future profits according to the custom of the industry, comes out at $989,900,000. This, of course, is a capitalization of profits and hence tells nothing as to the investors' actual sacrifice, or the fairness of the profits. As the profits grow, so the "value" grows.

The investment value actually carried on the books is about $350,000,000 less, being probably between $600,000,000 and $640,000,000. If the usual practice of reappraisal continues, this will undoubtedly be written up to the engineers' figure, without the addition of a cent of cash or an acre of land.

The book value, in turn, is the result of former reappraisals and adjustments upward chiefly in consequence of the Treasury Department's income-tax ruling of 1913, which permitted investment to

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be calculated on the basis of earnings. The total amount of appreciation of values identified on the books examined by the commission amounted to $186,000,000. There is a large amount of appreciation which they did not catch. We know, therefore, that the actual cost of the properties was below $454,000,000, or considerably less than half the engineers' estimate of value based on profits.

In the case of one concern, the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, figures are available back to the beginning. It started operations on land leased for one ear of corn a year. Its first 6,000 acres it bought for $30,000. In later years it acquired 2,940 aces more, at a cost of $1,382,000. This $1,412,000 worth of property it now carries on its books at $12,757,000, or nine times the original cost. In the meantime, depletion charges made by the company to cover the coal taken out of the ground amount to $3,685,000, or two and a half times the original cost of the whole property. It is therefore salting away, ostensibly to replace its original investment, money enough to replace it many times over, and charging this item of "cost" to the consumer before it reckons its profit. The rate of profit in turn is reckoned against a book investment nine times the original cost. There appears to be no reason why this process should not continue indefinitely, in the absence of public control.

A fairy tale of capitalism is the story of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad's coal operations. The commission's expert states that the railroad's expenditures for permanent improvements in coal mines were charged off to operating expenses up to 1918. Beginning with that year the company set up a capital account for such expenditures which, in August, 1921, totalled $3,373,260.12. Adding to this the book value of the coal lands, its total investment in the mining business was found to be $5,204,643.42. But in addition, the company opened on its books in 1913 an account for "value of unmined coal" which appears to have no real basis. In 1913 this stood at over 40 million dollars, in 1921 it had jumped to nearly 100 million.

In 1921 a new concern, the Glen Alden Coal Company, was created, and its shares were sold to stockholders of the railroad in proportion to their holdings, at a total price of about $4,250,000. This company in August, 1921, "bought" the railroad's coal lands and properties for $60,000,000—a "sale" in which the purchasers and the sellers were identical persons. The railroad subsequently filed a brief with the Income Tax Department claiming a loss of nearly $40,000,000 on the sale—the difference between the "sale" price and the apparently fabricated "value" of the unmined coal. And the Glen Alden Company opened its books with an entry of $72,244,933.04 for the property bought.

Here was a fictitious increase in investment value of about twelve-fold, legally nailed down by a piece of financial sleight-of-hand. Up to the end of 1922 the new company earned enough to pay 30 percent on its capital stock, in spite of the five-months' strike. In the first quarter of 1923 its profits amounted to about 75 percent on its stock, after laying aside a reserve of half a million for federal taxes.

In 1921 the rate of profit to the book value of seven large companies varied from 2.1 percent to 45.7 percent. Here are further complications. The variation is partly accounted for by the fact that some companies have written up their valuations more than others. It is also partly accounted for by the combination of railroad and coal ownership, which in some cases allocates the larger part of the cost to the coal company and the larger part of the profit to the railroad.

The costs of some companies are inflated by the carrying charges on enormous deposits of undeveloped coal, held for future speculative profits, and doubtless kept out of production for the sake of present profits taken elsewhere. Some operators have to pay royalties to owners, others own their mines.

We pass over other complications, caused by widely varying accounting methods, enormous stock dividends, and investment accounts bearing a dual personality, one for depletion and tax purposes, the other for book purposes. In the face of this confusion, what is true "investment," what is a "fair return?" We cheerfully leave answers to these questions to those metaphysicians who believe there is some logic or ethics or natural law in the operations of private capitalism applied to the exploitation of natural resources.

Some practical if arbitrary method of clearing out the Augean stable and making a fresh start is doubtless possible. The persons who think of coal mining as a means of keeping warm or of earning a living might at least prevent a future pyramiding of unearned profits such as has occurred in the past. If in spite of this revelation they do not, they deserve all the extortions, the coal famines and freezings which they will probably suffer.

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The Duty and Service of Science

Sanderson of Oundle's Last Speech

SANDERSON'S propaganda on behalf of the idea of the possible reorganization of the world through schools came to an abrupt end in the summer of 1922. He died suddenly of heart failure in the Botanical Theatre of University College, London, at the end of an address to the National Union of Scientific Workers. He had chosen as the title of the address, The Duty and Service of Science in the New Era, and it was in effect a recapitulation of his most characteristic views. He attached considerable importance to the delivery and he made unusual preparations for it.

Upon his desk after his death seven separate drafts, and they were all very full drafts, of this address were found. In the margins of the pages little sums had been worked out—so many pages at three hundred words a page, four thousand, five thousand words; a full hour's talking, and still so much to say! There are little notes framed in a sort of Oxford frame of lines reminding him, for example, to "say more of bringing scientific method into *all* parts of school."

Finally he produced a draft which was his eighth. This he had printed and this he may have intended to read to the meeting. But he did not do so. In the end he spoke from a fresh set of notes, which must have been at least the ninth draft.

His health had not been good for some time, and he kept this lecture and his exceptional interest in it more or less secret from his wife. He spent a long and interested morning at the experimental farm at Rothamsted and in the afternoon he went to the optician's to get a new pair of spectacles and attended to other small businesses. He met a small party of his friends at the London University Club in Gower Street to take tea before lecturing. Sir Richard Gregory, the editor of Nature, was present, Major Church, the secretary of the National Union of Scientific Workers, and Dr. Charles Singer, the historian of classical science. Sanderson was evidently hot and rather tired, but he did not seem to be ill; he gossiped pleasantly with his friends and exhibited his new spectacles to them. They were made of a recently discovered glass, opaque to ultra-violet rays and he betrayed the pride and interest of a boy in possessing them.

University College was not very far away but he asked for a cab thither because he felt fagged. The audience was already assembled and he went straight on to the platform. The present writer made a few introductory remarks and the lecture began. It is a matter of keen regret to his friends that they allowed him to stand throughout his discourse. It would have been so easy to have arranged for him to talk from a chair; the Botanical Theatre is not a large one and it is quite conceivable that he might be alive now, if one of us could have had that much thoughtfulness for him. We had thought of it,—ten minutes after his death.

But we were all so used to the quality of effort in his voice, so accustomed to its sudden fall into almost inaudible asides, that we did not mark what hung over us until the very moment of catastrophe. His sentences seemed to me a little more broken than usual; he was rather more disconnected, he was leaving rather more than usual to the intelligence of his audience, and as he talked I watched the faces before me rather anxiously to see just how much they missed of what he was trying to get over to them. He got over much more than I supposed, for I have since talked with many who were present. A fairly full shorthand note was made at the time and on this the following rendering of the last address is based. Like everything that has been printed of his here, it has been clipped and shorn, little distracting side glances have been eliminated and broken sentences filled in and rounded off.

It is a great honor, [he began] to come and address scientific workers (I have only recently discovered my claim to be a scientific worker), and to describe to you what has turned out to be a scientific experiment. I hope to show the results of an experiment carried on, not in a scientific laboratory so-called—physical, chemical, biological, or anthropological—but in a school for boys.

Before doing that, I should like to say that we scientific workers do very much depend on having a number of us together. One scientific worker placed in charge of any great work finds it difficult; scientific workers do not get the chance of appointing men in sympathy with themselves often enough; so it is frequently said that scientific men placed in command of a factory in industry or a department of state at home or in the colonies fail. Well, if so, they fail because scientific men have not often got the opportunity of getting men of like sympathy to work with them. I take it that the object of the National Union of Scientific Workers is to get scientific men with scientific views of life and experimental experience to join together in some great work. When I speak of the duty and service of science in the new era, I mean that I want scientific men to claim justly a larger share in the work of the world, and not to confine themselves to what is called purely scientific work. We want them to expand themselves over a wider area. As a matter of fact, that is what two distinguished writers have suggested: that the time has come when the ordinary discoveries and inventions of science

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should be closed down in order to enable scientific minds to do this simple thing.

The duty and service of science would seem to lie in scientific men bringing their ideal of life, their standards, their vision, their outlook, and their methods to organize the great machine that their inventions have created. You cannot have a world half scientific and the other half nothing of the sort.

The end of the war has left us with a whole host of individuals set free, and the business before science men is to organize this new body. It is a big problem, and requires scientific thought, temperament, and outlook to rewrite practically the whole of our knowledge. It reminds me of the tremendous rush there was amongst scientific men to provide workers to overhaul practically everything in biology (and theology) and other parts of human knowledge after the doctrines of Darwin were well established. I take it that all the departments of human life have to be rewritten by men under the influence of the spirit of science. Our books have to be rewritten, our very dictionaries.

They tell us that economics cannot change our human nature. That is the great duty and service of science—to change human nature. Scientific men have to collect a band of disciples and make a new world. As far as I can gather from a long connection with boys, the only scientific quality which is constant is inertia in response to change. The actual change itself, when it has arrived, no one objects to, and every one says, "Why didn't we do that before?" Scientific workers rarely have their opportunity in industry. To have their full opportunity they are to set forth in the spirit of the Great Master to found a new kingdom: not to manage industry by the standards and values of the present, but to transform them. And they must do what our Master Himself did—collect a faithful band of disciples imbued with the same belief. I know it is freely said (I have been corresponding with some of the leaders in industry) that scientific men cannot do this thing. They can, if only they are true to themselves and their vision; they can absolutely change the whole system under which industry is worked, and change the world to their ideals.

"Come and I will make you fishers of men. . . ." The great work that lies before scientific workers today is to extend the area of their labors, to become not fishers of facts but fishers of men. There will always be a distinguished band of purely scientific men devoted to pure science, who will abide devoted to pure science; but with the present number trained in science, we claim them also to organize the machinery that science has created. They must leave their ships and nets and become fishers of men. . . .

I said that I have recently discovered I am a scientific worker, that I have been working a scientific experiment, though not of the kind accepted for report to the Royal Society. It has been worked by being headmaster of a school for thirty years and by having taught for forty years. When I became a headmaster I began by introducing engineering into the school—applied science. The first effect was that a large number of boys who could not do other things could do that. They began to like their work in school. They began to like school. That led on to introducing a large number of other sciences, such as agricultural chemistry, horse-shoeing (if that is a science), metallurgical chemistry, bio-chemistry, agriculture; and, of course, these new sorts of work interested a large number of other boys of a type different from the type interested in the old work, so we got an exceptional number of boys, curiously enough, unexpectedly liking what they had to do in school. Then I ventured to do something daring; it is most daring to introduce the scientific method of finding out the truth—a dangerous thing—by the process of experiment and research. We began to replace explicit teaching by finding out. We did this first with these newly introduced sciences. Then we began to impress the aims and outlook of science on to other departments of school life. History, for instance: we began to replace the old class-room teaching and learning by a laboratory for history, full of books and other things required in abundance, so that boys in all parts of the school could, for some specific purpose (not to learn; to go into school to learn was egotistical), find out the things we require for today. We set them to find out things for the service of science, the service of literature, modern languages, music.

This began to change the whole organization of the school, its aims and methods. It was no use organizing boys in forms by the ordinary methods of promotion for this sort of work. You have to make up your mind what you have to do, and then go about and collect anybody who would be of service to that particular work. You would require boys of one characteristic and boys of another. You make them up into teams for the particular work they have to do. The boys who do not fit into this or that particular work must have some other particular work found for them. You begin to design the work of the school for them. You must have all the apparatus you want for it, and you must organize for it, but you begin by organizing the work for the boys and what they need to find out, and not by putting the boys into the organization. Now, presently you discover, when you do this, that not a single boy exists who is not wanted for some particular work; to carry out your object every boy is fundamentally equal. One does this, one does that. Each boy has his place in the team, and in his place he is as important as any other boy. Placing them in order of merit does not work any more. The scientific method absolutely changed the position towards class lists and order of merit. That was an astonishing result.

Another astonishing result was that we could not have anybody who was not working. If a boy was not working, you could see that he was not working. You could see that he was doing nothing. He could not sit at the back of a class-room and seem to be working. Everybody was working. You can manage that in school, but what about the world? All sorts of people may seem to be working and not be working at all. The curate may be doing nothing! (*Chuckle and something inaudible.*) This seems to land us into the extraordinary fact that no community if it is scientifically organized can carry any one who does not do service. I hope you will agree with me that that is scientific.

Another step. The actual love of work spreads, and ultimately every one comes within its influence and they begin to like the service they are rendering. Finally, competition dwindles and passes away, so that we have reached what appears to be a change in human nature. It is not really a change, but by care and attention calling out what has always been ready there in human nature, namely, a first instinctive love to create. I have always held that competition is a secondary interest and creation a primary instinct. Competition dwindles and passes away. Competition is a very feeble incentive to live. It is cheap and easy to arouse the motive, it is a swift motive and on the surface of things ready for you, but it is not even a powerful

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motive. Half the boys it dispirits and leaves idle and useless.

The passing of competition leads on to another thing passing away, which is this: you soon find that a body of workers that a community has attempted to provide for itself as a community, adapts itself to the community spirit, and punishment is totally unnecessary. It was a long time before that dawned on me. I have not, as a headmaster, taken any part in any shape in punishing boys directly, either by the easy methods supposed to train them for after life or by the other methods that have sprung from the fertile brains of a dominant order. Punishment, I declare from years of experience in this experiment, is a crime: not only a crime but a blunder. Why? Because it is a cheap and easy thing. If you punish it is easy, but if a community has to arrange itself and adapt itself so as to produce the reaction on the individual not to do objectionable things, that is hard. It is complicated. It requires an abundance of real sacrifice. It demands readjustment of everything upon a basis of service. I have been much impressed recently by the effect of having punishment organized in removing any activity on the part of the community itself towards adjusting itself so that punishment should not be necessary. I used to flatter myself, "I don't punish that boy, my prefects do; they keep me right." But I have been convinced by my thirty years of experiment that that was all wrong. These things come slowly. Now, without any action on my part, the prefects have stopped punishing, and a good thing for them. If they leave their boots about, the small boys will too, and they will have to punish them for doing so. To leave your own boots about like a lord is a fine thing, and to punish the small boy who does so is also a fine thing! But it is easy. The hard thing is never to leave your own boots about. . . .

For some minutes Mr. Sanderson paused. He looked at his notes. He was obviously very fatigued, but very resolute to continue. He read:

Acquisitiveness leads to these glorified things: general science, general knowledge, national history, scholarships, examinations, advanced courses, "interesting" things (whoever wanted to be interested?), the theological thing called "syncretism," tact, swindling. . . .

Mr. Sanderson stopped and smiled in a breathless manner, half panting, half laughing, very characteristic of him. His glasses gleamed at the audience. His smile meant: "We are going a little too fast, boys. Where are we getting to? Where are we getting to?" He affected to refer to his notes and then broke away upon a new line.

Out of all these things I have been telling you, out of all these considerations, evolves the modern school. The modern school is not made by the very simple and easy method of abandoning Greek. (Laughter.) Nor is it made by introducing science or engineering. The modern school's business is to impress into the service of man every branch of human knowledge we can get hold of. The modern method in the modern school does not depend on any method of teaching. We hear a great deal about methods of teaching languages, mathematics, science; they are all trivial. The great purpose is to enlist the boys or girls in the service of man today and man tomorrow. The method which makes learning easy is waste of time. What boy will succumb to the entreaty: "Come, I will make you clever; it will be so easy for you; you will be able to learn it without an effort"? What they succumb to is service for the community. I have tested that in the workshops. They don't want to make things for themselves; they soon cease to have any longing desire to make anything even for their mothers. What they love to do is to take part in some great work that must be done for the community; some work that goes on beyond them, some great spacious work. You can spread them out into all sorts of spacious things, in all departments, such things as taking part in investigating the truth. The truth, for instance, of the actual condition of the coal-miners or of any miners. An important question which we have been concerned with for at least three years is *"What is China?* What is it like?" You may say, "Methods of teaching geography." But who ever learned anything from geography—as geography? Who wants to know geography—as geography? Books exist for it, maps, plasticine exists for it. We want to know about China. You will have to take the boys and let them find out what men have done who have been in China; to get products from China; to know its geology, and whether after all, the Chinese do so deeply love rice that they want to live on a very little a day. Do the Chinese love rice? Do they love underselling white labor? Do they want to? That is real geography, but not class-room geography.

Schools must be equipped spaciously, *spaciously,* and they have a spacious staff. I have the list of our staff here. We have masters for mathematics, physics, chemistry, mechanics, biology, zoology, anthropology, botany, geology, architecture, classics, history, literature, geography, archaeology, economics, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Eastern languages, art, applied art, handicrafts, and music.

"Impossible," some people say. There is no great school in the land but could quite well afford it. . . .

We must send out workers imbued with the determination to seek and investigate truth—truth that will make them free—and to take great care that in the search for truth they will never take part in or sympathize with those methods by which the edge of truth is blunted.

The voice beside me stopped. Some one pushed up a chair for Sanderson and he sat down. There was applause. I stood up and then struck by a thought, whispered: "Would you like to answer a few questions?"

"Yes, yes. Certainly," he said.

"Not too tired to answer them?"

"No—no."

I had a little strip of notes in my hand and I thought of underlining one or two points in this tremendous project of a school he had spread before his audience before I let in the questioners. I began by saying that the lecture had been a little hard to follow but that it would repay following into the remotest corners of its meaning. Then I heard a little commotion behind me and turned round to see what was the matter. Sanderson had slipped from his chair on to the platform and was lying on his back breathing hoarsely. His collar and tie were removed forthwith. There were several doctors on the platform with us and they set to work upon him. I hesitated for a moment and

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then declared the meeting at an end and asked the audience to disperse as speedily as possible. I thought it was an epileptic fit and I had no sense of Sanderson's impending death. I had never seen anything of the sort before. I could not believe it when they told me he was dead.

The windows of the hot and sultry room were opened and most of the people made their way out but the reporters remained and one or two persons of the curious type who hung about vaguely with an affectation of decorous sympathy. The lecture had been a very difficult one for the newspaper men and they came now with a certain eagerness to ask questions about Oundle and Sanderson's career. I answered them as well as I could.

In the Mortuary Chapel of University College Hospital I saw my friend's face for the last time, in all the irresponsive dignity of death. We took Mrs. Sanderson to him and left her for a time alone with him. Four years before in the same London hotel at which she was now solitary, he and she had shared together the bitter grief of their eldest son's death.

An event of this sort produces the most various reactions in people, and I recall with a distressful amusement two unknown persons who accosted me as I went out from University College to find a taxi to take me to Mrs. Sanderson. One was a young woman who came up to me and said: "Don't be grieved for your friend, Mr. Wells. It was a splendid thing to die like that in the midst of life, after giving his message."

I did not accept these congratulations and I made no reply to her. I was thinking that a little acute observation, a little more consideration on my part, a finer sense of the labor I was putting upon my friend, might have averted his death altogether. And I was by no means convinced that his message was delivered, that it had reached the people I had hoped it would reach and awaken. I had counted on much more from Sanderson. This death seemed to me and still seems far more like frustration than release.

Then presently as I gesticulated for a cab near Gower Street station I found a pale-faced looking man beside me asking for a moment's speech. "Mr. Wells," he said, "does not this sudden event give you new views of immortality, new lights upon spiritual realities?"

I stared at a sort of greedy excitement in his face. "None whatever!" I said at last and got into my cab.

I must confess that to this day I can find in Sanderson's death nothing but irreparable loss. He left so much of his work in a state so incomplete that I cannot see how his successors can carry it on. In matters educational he was before all things a practical artist and education is altogether too much the prey of theorists. He filled me—a mere writer—with envious admiration when I saw how he could control and shape things to his will, how he could experiment and learn and how he could use his boys, his governors, his staff, to try out and shape his creative dreams.

He was a strong man and in a very profound and simple way a good man, and it was a very helpful thing to feel oneself his ally. But now that he is gone, now that all his later projects and intentions shrivel and fade and his great school recedes visibly towards the commonplace, I do not know where to turn to do an effective stroke for education. It is only schoolmasters and schoolmistresses and educational authorities and school governors and school promoters and university teachers who can really carry on the work that he began. I have tried to set out as clearly as possible, and largely in his own words, his fundamental ideas of the supercession of competition by coöperation, of the return of schools to real service. What I have written is, as it were, a simplified diagram of the teachings less luminously and more fully set out in the official life.

One thing I shared with Sanderson altogether and that was the conviction that the present common life of men, at once dull and disorderly, competitive, uncreative, cruelly stupid and stupidly cruel, unless it is to be regarded merely as a necessary phase in the development of a nobler existence, is a thing not worth having, that it does not matter who drops dead or how soon we drop dead out of such a world. Unless there is a more abundant life before mankind, this scheme of space and time is a bad joke beyond our understanding, a flare of vulgarity, an empty laugh, braying across the mysteries. But we two shared the belief that latent in men and perceptible in men is a greater mankind, great enough to make every effort to realize it fully worth while and to make the whole business of living worth while.

And the way to that realization lies, we both believed, through thought and through creative effort, through science and art and the school.

H. G. WELLS.

The Two Stars

Day has her star, as well as Night,
One star is black, the other white.
I saw a white star burn and pant
  And swirl with such a wildness, once—
That I stood still, and almost stared
  Myself into a trance!
The star of Day, both seen and heard,
Is but a little, English bird;
The Lark, whose wings beat time to his
  Wild rapture, sings, high overhead;
When silence comes, we almost fear
  That Earth receives its dead.

W. H. DAVIES.

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Are We in Danger of Overpopulation?

SINCE the time of Malthus there has hardly been a single treatise published on general economics which has not given some study to the menace of a population increasing beyond the safe limits of the food supply. The conclusions reached by the economists have as a rule seemed cogent to the cultivated minority, but they have seldom exerted any influence upon public policy. One reason for this, and the main one, is that these conclusions are dismal and disturbing. Mankind loves children and refuses to have them placed in the category of vices. But another reason is the vagueness of the economic lore on the subject. In time there will not be standing room for all on the planet. But in what time? Next century, the year 5000, or beyond the Judgment Day? The economists have never fixed this point. Yet it is crucial.

Perhaps the reason why the point of time has been left undetermined is that most of the relevant facts fall outside the proper sphere of the economist. The birth rate is essentially a biological phenomenon, while the possibilities of the food supply present problems that fall chiefly under geography, agronomy and botany, in which sciences the economist and sociologist are only amateurs. This surmise is fortified by an examination of Professor East's book,* which represents extraordinary progress toward definiteness. Professor East is a biologist and botanist who has made an extremely extended study of the food resources of the world. He uses statistics effectively and is by no means amateurish in his handling of economic problems. He is open-minded, as a rule, and has a good sense of proportion.

The population of the world has doubled in the last hundred years. Its rate of increase is greater today than the average for the last century. In sixty years, at the present rate of growth, we should have 3,500,000,000 people in the world, instead of the present 1,700,000,000. By the year 2040 there would be 7,000,000,000 people. Assuming that 40 percent of the land surface of the world is fit for food production—a generous estimate—and assuming that each person requires the product of two and one half acres, there is room in the world for 5,200,000,000 people. In less than a century, then, we should reach the saturation point generally, if population were free to seek the points of lowest pressure. Of course it is not free to do so—a fact Professor East strangely disregards, in his absorption in totalities. In parts of the world the saturation point has already been reached; in other parts it will have been reached in fifty years; in some parts it may not be reached for two hundred years. With all due allowance for this qualification, it is true the point of overpopulation is near enough in every civilized state to excite concern.

At the rate of increase prevailing in 1906-1911, the population of the United States would double in forty years. That is bringing the problem home. Can we support over 200,000,000 people on the present level of comfort? We have now 478,000,000 acres of improved land. Professor East calculates that we could increase the acreage to 800,000,000, leaving 1,100,000,000 acres for woodland, thin pasture, desert, roads and cities. But the land still to be improved is by no means so productive as that which is already under tillage. Professor East assumes that the new land is worth about half the old. With our present standards of tillage and dietary habits we could maintain only 135,000,000 people. For 200,000,000 people we should have to increase our agricultural efficiency by 50 percent, or change our standards of consumption. It does not follow that we should have to change in the direction of inadequacy. But we should have to consume more cereals directly instead of putting them through the costly process of turning them into meat. We should have to get more of our proteids from milk, cheese and eggs and consume the cheaper vegetables and fruits more liberally. This does not horrify me; I imagine we should be a healthier and more cheerful people.

Would the increase of the population of the United States to 200,000,000 lower the standard of living? Professor East thinks that we entered some time ago upon the phase of diminishing agricultural returns in which the average labor cost per unit of product tends to increase. He does not give enough of his data to permit the reader to form his own judgment on the point. I am quite sure it is true that any considerable increase in the production of wheat, corn, meat, milk, would involve increased labor cost per unit. But if there is a shift in consumption toward cereals, vegetables and fruits it is quite possible that the unit of food in general will not grow more costly, in labor terms. It may even decline. In our corn production, which we could maintain at 3,000,000,000 without notable increase in cost per unit, we have an immense food reserve, capable of supplying the cereal needs of 300,000,000 people. It is not so good a food, taken by itself, as wheat, but down South, where they still know how to mill and bake it, corn grows a very sturdy stock of men. If wheat gets too dear we shall not turn up our toes and die. We'll eat corn.

Granting, however, that in spite of possible adjustments in consumption the raw material for food must be produced with increased labor cost, it still does not follow that our standard of living must decline. Food represents an item of less than 40 percent in the family budget, and the farm cost of production is probably not more than one

* Mankind at the Crossroads, by Edward M. East. Scribner's. $3.50.

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third of the price of food. Diminishing returns in agriculture have a direct bearing on only 12⅓ per-cent of the cost of living. Diminishing returns do not apply to transporting, milling, baking and distributing bread. Such operations are carried on much more economically in dense populations like that of England than in our own. The supplying of the decencies and comforts of life is carried on more economically in large populations. I see no reason for thinking that the optimum population of the United States would fall short of 200,000,000. But fifty millions more or less signifies little, if we are destined to increase 100 million in forty years.

The rapid increase of 1906-1911 was in large part due to immigration, and we shall never again admit immigrants in such numbers as came in those years. Assuming that we keep our country for ourselves, what can we predict as to rates of increase? Our birth rate is falling rapidly, but so is our death rate, with the result that we still have a natural increase of eleven per thousand. Taking the white race as a whole, Professor East calculates that the birth rate ought to fall twice as rapidly as it is now falling, if we are to reach equilibrium short of the saturation point where deaths will balance births perforce. For the United States alone he offers no precise estimate. He considers the situation a serious one, but he evades definite calculations, probably because there are too many uncertain factors to deal with.

Birth rates may drop indefinitely; the death rate, for a normal population, can hardly drop below 16. In the next half century we are not likely to make the progress in reducing the death rate which we made in the last. We have already considerable fractions of our population that have a birth rate as low as 16 per thousand or even lower. The great sources of the excess births are the aliens, imperfectly assimilated, and the country population. As the aliens are bound to become assimilated in time and as the country population becomes a smaller and smaller fraction of the whole, it appears very improbable that the excess of eleven births over deaths can be maintained. Raymond Pearl has plotted a curve of population growth in the United States which suggests that a stationary level will be reached about 2190 at 200,000,000. I believe he is nearer right than those who anticipate unlimited increase up to the saturation point.

It is not yet possible to determine finally whether the forces making for increase in population in the United States will carry us to the saturation point, or even beyond the optimum point. We do not know how the birth rate will develop as we become more homogeneous and urbanized. It will fall, no doubt, but how fast? In the last thirty years it has fallen rapidly in every country affected by the modern industrial movement. Contrary to popular belief, the decline manifests itself in Catholic as well as in Protestant countries, among colored populations, as well as among whites. If we knew more about the causes of this decline we could be more certain about the future tendencies.

Professor East maintains that the one really effective cause is the conscious prevention of conception. He rejects with scorn the view that human fecundity declines with advancing civilization —a view that manifestly would appeal for more than it is worth to those who prefer to leave responsibility to Providence. But Professor East, like so many overresponsible people, leans too much to the other side. Every person who has tried to stock up with any kind of live animals knows that calculations based on theoretical fecundity are a delusion. Don't count your chickens until they are hatched, is one of the sanest of proverbial injunctions. Food has a lot to do with effective fecundity. So have habits of exercise and association. The fecundity of the wild animals inhabiting our zoological parks is theoretically the same as that of wild animals at large. But a great many species are incapable of breeding in captivity. When the biologists succeed in telling us why this is so, they will be able to explain more satisfactorily the low fecundity of certain alumni groups, that has roused so many moralists to frenzy. Professor East is a staunch advocate of conscious birth control and refuses to admit that other forces are at work, for fear of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. But he betrays his recognition of them by his hot defence of the little lady with the dog.

Since we do not know how these unconscious forces work, we cannot tell how they may be affected by the increasing density of the population. There can be little doubt that increasing density strengthens the forces making for conscious limitation of births. The practice of birth control is common in most civilized countries, but is restricted to the more or less cultivated classes. In so far as these represent the intellectually higher types, the situation is serious. If the dullest quarter of the population produces half of the new generation it is difficult to see how the deterioration of the stock can be avoided. And there is no doubt that the saturation point in population is reached far earlier when the average intelligence is low. Twenty million morons, left to themselves, could not make a living out of the whole United States.

It is puerile, Professor East justly observes, to ask the more intelligent stocks to outmultiply the less intelligent. The only practical way of correcting the differential birth rate is to instruct all classes in contraceptive methods. There is no reason for thinking that any class would deliberately choose "race suicide." The love for children is too deeply implanted. But the poor would not so often be plunged into deeper poverty by excessively large families. Fewer children, better loved and better prepared for life would be the net outcome of voluntary instead of accidental parenthood. There may be objections to this position on theological grounds, but there can be none on the ground of morals based upon humanity and the public interest.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

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Germany: Amber and Black

BERLIN in this late autumn weather is a study in black and amber. The Tiergarten remains credibly a place where princes pursued doomed if elusive game, though the shadows moving under the trees now are those that invade every street: the dark unhurrying figures of the poor. They are the by-products of the war and of the peace. Above them and around them the Prussian capital lifts its great gray buildings, its towering memorials in bronze and stone, its shining plate-glass windows, denying, in ponderous syllables, frozen feet and empty bellies. You see beggars limping home through the honey-colored twilight. By nightfall, under the weak lamps, others are stationed waiting for paper largesse from the cabaret crowds. In the rain-washed air of a Berlin Sunday the bent black forms melt away, as though they had been trundled off with the heaps of fallen leaves, and in the wide immaculate streets sauntering couples search out a picture-show, a concert, a café.

The most precious thing in Berlin is the dollar. It takes precedence over everything else as a subject of conversation, as a cementer of friendships, as the purchase price of uncounted benedictions. Clerks drinking their pale coffee in a café, droshke drivers huddled about a public wurst-stand, two beggars counting the day's accumulation of paper, a couple of Americans waiting in a hotel lobby, have a common topic: where the dollar stands. A man who changes a tenner may break the bank, so that it is frequently impossible to sell American currency, but it is nearly always possible to leave it in pawn.

A curious and also a very characteristic phenomenon is the way the streets are chequered with Wechsel-stube. There are probably as many of them in Berlin as there are soda-fountains in New York and the narrow office, with its attendant swarm of men, could easily be mistaken for a booth where Nedick's orange-drink ("the original") is being dispensed. The Germans are learning the meaning of an historic remark anent a scrap of paper. The money that would buy a dinner at night may not suffice for breakfast next morning. Every shabby newsdealer is a milliardaire, and counts her earnings in astronomical figures. I know a man who writes letters home on fifty-million mark notes because it is the cheapest stationery he can get for the money. In the post office one day I saw a child hand out the thick bundle of petty notes that aggregate a million, to buy a penny stamp.

In the same post-office, at any hour of the day and late into the evening, the long queues that are typical of contemporary Germany shift from one foot to the other, waiting to register letters, to get pension money, to buy postal cards. There is no pushing, no crowding, no stamping of feet. They wait. "Bitte sehr." "Bitte schön." They wait. And on the street corners, standing sometimes on naked feet, with bare skin showing through the patched clothing, they wait. They do not ask alms. On a single street there may be as many men and white-faced children as there are lamp posts. They are almost as still as the posts. They wait. "Danke sehr," says a woman, shaking in her shawl, as though you had restored a dropped fan. "Danke sehr," says a man, with obviously nothing under his torn coat and trousers, as though you had lighted his cigarette from your own.

There is plenty of drama here, but no theatrics. An old man sits in his favorite corner of a café, over a dank brödchen and a glass of tea. A boy, the lean pale stunted boy one sees everywhere in Berlin, is peddling matches. The tea-drinker wants matches, but he shakes his head over the fraction of a cent that they cost. The boy explains that his profit is infinitesimal. Then, eying the old man, "Perhaps you have a match-box of your own?" And swiftly, with the generosity of the poor, the boy takes a few matches from each of the boxes he is selling and transfers them to the empty box the old man holds out to him. Then the match-seller makes for the door, but halts, and turns back. "Maybe you could get me just a piece of bread?" he whispers. A moment later the old man, a slice of bread tucked into his pocket, limps out of the café. On the corner he finds the boy, and the boy's wife, and their two babies. These four share among them the slice of bread the old man furtively brings forth. The story is pathetic, tragic, what you will, but it is not the horror of the situation that strikes one so forcibly as the way these people are armored in patience. They appear to suffer without fear, as without hope. They simply endure.

Their capacity for endurance is the thorn in the flesh of the few hotly protestant spirits. Aside from the Communists, these too are without hope or fear. They look upon their fellows as prisoners look upon the slaves working outside their walls. There is an old tale that when the revolution of 1918 broke, and the mob was running amuck about the Crown-Prince's schloss, one man veered away onto the grass. He was pulled back at once by the crowd and made to run decently on the paths with the rest of the rioters. There are those who take a bitter pleasure in repeating this tale. They insist on the slavishness of the German people with the ferocity of a man who bites hard on an aching tooth. They have seen Russia make her revolution, have watched Austria slowly totter back to normalcy, but they can see no way out for themselves. Even the poets, they cry, whom Shelley called "the unacknowledged legislators of the world," even they must be dumb. It is a greater luxury to write books than it is to buy them. Those

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who once burned with Shelleyan fire are warming their bones in the electric glare of the movie. The unacknowledged legislators have deserted their parliament. The arts are dead. The people perish.

The arts are not dead. It is true that less than half the number of concerts were given this year that were given last. It is true that books are now difficult to purchase, and that publishers are hard put to it to pay their authors. It is true that the painters are taking railway tickets for Paris. But the largest crowd I saw in Berlin was a first-night audience at a play by Carl Hauptmann in the Volksbühne; and a show of black-and-whites at the Academy was so well attended that one could not always see the pictures for the people. They were curious pictures, not seldom unintelligible, nearly always monstrous. It is as though the artists, like men in time of plague, were infected by the fever-dreams of their companions,—as though these fantastic colors and distorted shapes were the only possible gesture before a phenomenon too strange to accept or attack.

The strangeness of the phenomenon is that the machinery of this complicated civilization continues to move, however creakingly, when there seems to be no motive power left. The elaborately decorated restaurants, where one sits on stained dusty upholstery, too expensive to clean or replace, eating gray bread and infra-margerine from chipped and charming china, wiping one's fingers on a cheap paper-napkin, and paying the waiter with what looks like a pack of cards, are a fair symbol of the process.

But it must be remembered that one turns and goes out of the restaurant to examine the advertisement on the nearest kiosk and over the head of the lame Fritz leaning there one reads the bright announcement: "Allo, wir leben noch!" The Berliners, even the most wretched, show extraordinary skill in saving their faces. Their linen may be frayed, but they still wear linen. A man may own no collar, but he bravely goes out with a colored tie about his bare throat. A woman may be pulling a cart like a pack-animal, but before putting on the harness she has stuck a comb in her neatly coiffed hair.

There are certain cafés where the young foregather, where prophecies are expressed with warm-eyed conviction. Here you will find one of the two groups of people who can be happy in Berlin. These are the Communist youth. They are lean fellows for the most part, dressed maybe in loose corduroys, with rough hair and hands, and a glance that would be merry if it were less intense. They will tell you, if they do not urge you to go away because they are being followed, that there are 50,000 members of the party in Berlin alone, and that the revolution may break next week. Leaders are lacking. Rosa Luxemburg is killed. Liebknecht is killed. No matter. When the time comes the people will rise. They will cut the knot of industrialist tyranny that is choking them to death. They will take over the government into their own bruised hands. Leadership will be born of the need of the hour. "Ach, then we can be happy," say the young men. "A wonderful time is coming. Greet the Russians for us. Tell them we will know how to play our part."

There is another group of happy people,—that is, if one excludes the Schiebers or pushing newly-rich, who cannot, as things are now, feel quite safe and comfortable about their happiness. The more carefree group is made up of Russian emigrés who have sold their jewels and can sit at Olivier's of an evening, humming, "Yesss, we have no bananas," while the fat first violin agonizes exquisitely over the melancholy joy of making music. Many of them are "Nep" men, who have profited by the new economic policy in Russia and, waxing fat, have come to Germany to spend their substance in riotous living. In fact, there are so many Russians in Berlin that Kurfürstendammstrasse has been punningly rechristened "Nepsky Prospekt."

These emigrés who come to Olivier's look trim, well-kept, prosperous. Their women are marvelously coiffed, with thin cheeks white as flour, and crimson lips; they wear precious furs, and brilliants winking on throat and wrist and fingers, and they wrinkle their pretty brows daintily over the question of red wine or white. The wine is effective; the vodka, clear as pure gin but much weaker, caresses their veins. The purple-faced first violin sweats with passion. They look at him and laugh. The music quickens. They begin to dance, not wildly, but joyously, as only people faintly intoxicated can dance. They are very happy.

But they are not Berlin. What is Berlin now? Black and amber, gold and gray. The thin warmth of the cafés blotted by the shadowy streets. Hunched shadows on the outskirts of the yellow-leaved park. The market-place glowing with piles of ruddy pumpkins and carrots, carts of purple and green cabbages,—half-empty baskets on lean arms weaving through the loaded stands, the tapping of lame women's canes, flower-vendors with great baskets of rosy dahlias fringed by the dark meagre figures of those who capitalize their hunger. Rembrandt could do this Berlin, with its massed shadows and fugitive lights, its crooked arresting faces, the human animals trudging beside the endless procession of carts. Dürer could do this Berlin, with death's skeleton peering around the flower-basket, death's cavernous eyes staring from behind the eyes of a child, and some Gothic saint lifting his palms in an attitude of angular eternal patience. Lamplight in twilight. The torch of autumn in winter's clutch. Whisper of a red harvest. Amber and black.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Berlin, October, 1923.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Labor Journalism in England

SIR: The very able article on Labor's Newspapers in your issue for October 31 gives a rather misleading idea of the status of the Daily Herald in Great Britain. This paper has not "recently been given a new lease of life by the British Labor party," nor "made an official organ." For a considerable time now it has been the party's official organ, and has received varying amounts of subsidy from the Trades Union Congress. What has happened recently is that the Congress, at their annual meeting about a month ago, after anxiously deliberating whether it might not be advisable to let the Herald finally go under, decided to continue the subsidy until the end of the year, in order to allow time for further efforts to get the paper on to a workable financial footing. Your article seems to imply that the Herald is now out of the woods; actually, unless something fresh has happened since I left England ten days ago, its continued existence beyond the end of the present year is highly uncertain.

I fully agree with you that a good labor press, presenting the labor point of view sanely and moderately, is of the greatest value in all countries where the labor movement is at all prominent. But it would be difficult to argue that the Daily Herald has ever fulfilled this function. It has not only preached an extremist doctrine of clan warfare in its editorials; it has constantly selected, sifted, and occasionally distorted news so as to present events of the day in a "red" light. It has not tried to carry out a newspaper's first duty—that of giving its readers a full, accurate, fair news service, and confining expressions of policy to the editorial columns. This, I believe, is the reason why it has never been a success. The British working man buys a newspaper primarily to get the news; he will not pay for a paper that gives him only propaganda, however much this may suit his taste. If the Herald is ever to attain financial stability, it must become a newspaper first and an organ of socialist opinion second, not the other way about. That this change should occur is the wish of all in Great Britain who sympathize with the labor cause and feel the need for this cause to have a channel of sane, just exposition in the daily press.

Detroit. ENGLISH JOURNALIST.

The Beat of Moccasined Feet

SIR: The Indian's Portion by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant in a recent number of the New Republic has made me wish to speak for a better understanding of the remarkable effort being made at Gallup, a small mile-high mining town of New Mexico, to exhibit in their original forms the distinctive games, sports, and dances of the Indians of the Southwest.

The September Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial is exactly two years old, far from adequately advertised, hampered by the meager equipment of a county fair ground, and still in its experimental stages, but visitors accidentally stumbling into this colorful All-Indian celebration, with the Navajo tribe and ten Pueblo groups participating, come away with the earnest desire to see it given the wide support and intelligent encouragement it deserves.

The avowed object of the ceremonial is educational, which object it definitely and startlingly achieves. No amount of reading on the subject of Indians can so stir the understanding as the metallic clinking of the gourd rattles, the dry drumming of the tom-toms, the regular beat of the moccasined feet, the unintelligible words rising and falling, welling forth and dying away in weird melodies and barbaric pauses.

The common vegetable-garden variety of American citizen will be attracted to this highly condensed program rather than to the isolated and comparatively inaccessible reservation dances. He cannot fail in passing to see the desert stretches of sage brush and bleak rock so beneficently set aside for Indian agriculture. He may fall curiously upon the Zuni olla, so inferior to its archaic forms, and discover that a quarter's worth of sugar is an insufficient incentive to careful creative work. He may well with shame admit the connection between a distressingly long and serious epidemic of dysentery and the pueblo's necessity of drinking from shallow wells, a muddy sacred spring, or the red river itself. Assuredly he can hardly escape the sharp knowledge of why the Vanishing Race is just that.

EVA M. HORNER,
National Girl Reserve Secretary
in Mississippi.

Jackson, Mississippi.

Immigration and the Farmer

SIR: Mr. Bruce Bliven in his article The Farmer Sees Red has exploded many of the alleged grounds for the present distress of the farmer. It should be remembered that in the present world disordered state, Europe is prevented from buying from us, because Europe, not having any money of its own and not being able to sell to us because of our tariff fence, cannot buy. The result is of course that the foreign market of the American farmer is diminished.

Again we have now stringent immigration quota laws. Where formerly a million and a half immigrants entered, now some three hundred thousand may come in. The stream of immigrants that came in formerly had to be fed and the farmer was paid for the feeding.

The trouble is that we ordinarily think that the immigrant who comes here merely takes something from the country. Every consumer is ipso factor a producer. The fact that the immigrant is eating his bread indicates that he is producing something, for without such production, he would not be able to buy the bread. The immigrant gets work in the mills or in the clothing factories or what not and with his earnings he buys wheat and other farm products. The more he works the more the farmer is busy —the more the farmer gets. Robinson Crusoe's standard of living was improved as soon as Friday settled on his island, although Friday was not a Nordic nor a dues paying member of the Protestant church.

DAVID SCHWARTZ.

New York City.

The Philippine Alternative

SIR: If recent newspaper reports are to be trusted, our government and the American people may be called upon to face a peculiar situation, and to make a decision which will try their souls. There appears to be a possibility of an armed revolt on the part of the Filipinos, with complete independence as the ultimate object. What will the United States do then? We could put enough soldiers over there to crush an attempted revolution, but how would such a course appeal to a nation which won its own independence by fighting for it a century and a half ago? Unlike our British ancestors, we would probably win, and the Malay would be forced to continue being governed by the Anglo-Saxon half around the world, at least until such a time as we were ready to let him run his own country. How would waging such a war and winning such a fight appeal to the descendants of the thirteen American colonies of 1776?

There is the other alternative; once convinced that the people of the Philippines are so strongly desirous of independence that they are even willing to fight for it (as we were) we could say to them, "Go your way in peace, and govern yourself as best you can. You may make a mess of it, but it will at least be your own government, and you all learn best through experience." After a quarter of a century of guardianship are not the Filipinos politically of age, and if our guardianship has been as unselfish as we like to believe could we not well throw open the door for them to depart when they are agreed they are ready? It would be an unusual act, but this country has done the unusual before now. And it would be a superb gesture! Is the American people equal to it? I wonder!

GEORGE LYMAN CADE.

New York City.

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Duse

II.

Ghosts, by Henrik Ibsen. The Century Theatre, November 6, 1923.

Così Sia, by Gallerati-Scotti. The Century Theatre, November 13, 1923.

THE end of Ibsen's Ghosts as given by Duse's company was not well thought out, fixed; it showed the lack of sufficient rehearsals and planning and performances together. But provided you understood the Italian, that first act of Duse's was a technical and spiritual marvel. The first act of Ghosts as Ibsen wrote it, has an undercurrent of fine dramatic power and a sharp edge of truth. But in the course of the writing, a provincialism and drabness of mind more than once appears; Mrs. Alving and the dramatist are now and again insistent and parochial and without imagination. But Duse from her very first entrance put distinction into the part. She was a great lady, moving exquisitely and delicately, a sensitive strong being. She showed too a mind and mettle that could dilate and grow, and that could touch and go, lightly, swiftly, securely. Ibsen's Mrs. Alving now and again falls into platitude, stubborn and firm. Duse turns such passages into what is not obvious platitude but passionate memory. And what in Ibsen's lines is but half placed, culturally, his reflections of life, debates, analyses, Duse easily establishes in its right relation to a wide culture and insight. Meanwhile she sets forth the idea that is so clearly to dominate the play as she conceives it: the idea of maternal love and of a being whose body and whose love are interposed between her son and universal law. Technically, the variety of Duse's reading, the tone, the pressure, the ictus, the vitality, of it; the stillness with which she could imbue the quieter pauses in the emotion; the marvels of rhythm that she brought to the lines; the scale of values by which she sorted and unified the many reactions in thought and feeling; and finally the continuity of motion that she gave to her presence on the stage, were almost past belief.

III.

To hear Duse's art spoken of as stark realism, as I do often enough, comes to me always as a surprise. Observe Duse well in Ghosts, in Così Sia, in The Lady from the Sea, and you will see that she never quite represents or reproduces or counterfeits anything. Actions the most literal are yet removed from the actual; everything that Duse does has a certain removal and restatement to it. Every action she presents borrows light from her distinction and poetry. There is never any sheer, stark realism in the sense of copying actuality, but only poetic realism; the actual and external forms are selected, unified, recreated in the idea, and made inseparable from it.

IV.

There seem to be numerous people who object to Duse's gestures, the rhythm of her hands, her perpetual use of draperies and arrangements of pose. To make this objection is to confuse Duse's art with what we ordinarily recognize and require as realism. To insist on Duse's giving up these gestures and these flowing lines is to take away one of her mediums of expression. It is to sacrifice for mere imitative probability the possibilities of another language. Duse cannot be understood unless we know that these gestures and these lines are in themselves a great art; that they are added to her other mediums of expression as melody is added to the mere meaning of words.

There is always everywhere evident the great study that Duse has made of the visual arts. She knows as great sculptors know, how to keep the line and the mass alive. She knows, like a great painter or sculptor, what degree of mere description, imitation, reproduction, to put into an action, a posture, a gesture, that is taken from nature; and at the same time she can give her line a life of its own, a meaning that is eventually independent of the thing she copies. She knows from the visual arts that no movement of gesture or line arises suddenly of itself but that it must always exist as a part of a whole, must achieve its aptness and beauty not out of its limited, sudden self but out of a mass of relationships; in sum she knows what few actors know at all, that a line or gesture must begin and end. And Duse knows subtly and inexplicably how to give to her very presence, to her body as she is present on the stage, a radiance and a difference like a creation in art. Thinking of her after a performance is over and past, you find yourself remembering her as distinct from the other actors that had accompanied her. When you think of Duse afterward amid the other people on the stage, she seems to have stood apart from them, more complete and more vivid. Her figure remains in the mind as something that is strangely at the same time both luminous and abstract.

Duse knows how to find a visual image for her idea, an external, visual expression of her state of mind, an outer image that seems to state wholly the inner thought. And what must be understood is that this visual statement that Duse always makes is not itself a mere imitation of some gesture or action which we may see in life and from which we may guess perhaps an inner thought; no, it rather exhibits pure visual design which is—as great painting is or great sculpture—as free of or as faithful to actual nature as the artist chooses to make it. To appreciate and understand Duse's rhythms of garments and bodily movement you must be able to do more than recognize mere fidelity to natural human life and ways, you must understand the visual medium itself, be able to see it and read it, precisely as you understand music by being able to hear it and not by recognizing its resemblance to familiar sounds, to birds, bells and stormy weather. These gestures and lines of Duse's, flowing as they do with infinite variation and wonderful unbroken continuity, establish in themselves a kind of purity, a kind of visual medium, with its own ideality, moving always from imitation toward a state of music.

V.

You constantly hear and read of the sadness of Duse's art, of the tragic element that is said to be always present in it, and that is admired or resented by the spectators as the case may be. It might very well be more profitable, I believe, to think of this quality in Duse and her art as not deriving so much from sadness as from a certain impression of finality. In her art the thing presented, the action, the thought, takes on the pathos of finality, it is carried so far into a kind of ultimate grace and purity that it seems to us poignant and sad; there is in it for us somehow a nostalgia, a tragic sense of beauty and completion.

STARK YOUNG

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Books and Things

DEAREST ALFRED: What hurts me most, hurts me *here,* is that I haven't been able to imagine you since you left my beloved Japan, but you've only to shut your eyes to *see* Freddie and me here in Winnetka, on my lap or in his crib, and somehow that seems unfair. But what you can't see, even with a father's eye, is the way his legs kick when he tries to creep and he's been trying for two days and a half. He has had a little cold, nothing to be anxious about, and your mother suggested what she called "an old-fashioned remedy"—isn't it *dear* of her, that phrase? Up to now Freddie has simply refused to swallow it, it's called tolu.

This ought to be a Thanksgiving letter, on account of the season you know, but as I'v been saying to myself how can a woman be really and truly thankful with her husband at the ends of the earth? India *never* seemed so far away before. And such a husband as you, Alfred! When I think of your smile!! Sometimes people talk to me about your energy and grasp, and I love them to, but my heart keeps saying it's his haunting smile that sells all that machinery! And it seemed to me as if I couldn't be thankful without forcing my nature and no one knows better than you how *queerly* my nature behaves whenever I try to force it. So I put all thought of thankfulness out of mind, as just impossible while we are away from each other, and decided if I was brave that would be all anybody could expect of me.

And then suddenly, out of a clear sky, help came from a *most* unexpected quarter, you'll never guess, I found in quite a good place on a not so *very* inside page President Coolidge's Thankgiving proclamation. Something, a woman's intuition or something, told me to read it and when I'd finished you could have knocked me over with a feather. O Alfred, we have done our President injustice, you and I, so you must never again talk as you did, you remember, that night the Bateses came to dinner? And you said "Well, Bates, if the measure of a strong silent man's strength is the amount of his silence," and we all laughed so you never finished the sentence. But you were wrong, Alfred, we both were about our President, and it isn't true after all, though I was proud of you at the time, what you said the night we went to dinner at the Bateses, and Mr. Bates said "Coolidge lets the other fellow do the talking" and you said "and the thinking," just like that without hesitating. No it's not true, clever as it was, and do you know it's not being true gives me that proud and glad feeling all over.

I don't believe I ever read any proclamation since dear Governor Lowden stopped writing them—certainly I'd never supposed a proclamation could be *helpful*—but that's just what President Coolidge's Thanksgiving proclamation is, helpful. Perhaps he is what you once called in quite a different connection "the exception that proves the rule." Certainly I felt while I was reading, though of course he never so much as heard of poor little me, that his big heart was speaking to my little one. He says we ought to sit down and deliberately open an account with our Heavenly Father, and if we put down all the dreadful things He has in His inscrutable wisdom allowed to happen in one column, and in the other all the blessings He has bestowed on us with lavish hand, we shall always find (always, dear Alfred) that the balance is in God's favor. Something is always owing him from us, and that something is *thankfulness.* Isn't that wonderfully helpful? I think it's marvelously helpful. It seems to make everything so clear. Of course President Coolidge puts it ever so much better than that—I seem to have mislaid the clipping—but that seemed to be his thought as I sense it. And then he goes on to say two frightful things have happened to this country of ours in the past year, the tragic death of President Harding and the appalling earthquake in Japan, but on the other hand we are better off all around than any other country, more prosperous, you know, and all that.

This gave me the idea of trying to do in this little home circle life of mine what President Coolidge has done for the nation as a whole, in that large, free, silent way of his. So I wrote down all the blessings and the other things in our life since last November. (*Our* life, Alfred, do you like to say that over and over the way I do?) And dearest, although Freddie's birth was and is and always will be a thing to thank God for—it was ever so much the largest amount on the side to God's credit—yet I'm ashamed to say your absence on this business trip looked so enormous—it fairly loomed—on the debit side!

And then, just when I was wondering whether the accounts didn't balance pretty exactly, so as to leave me neither thankful nor thankless, or whatever the word is, and thinking how queer it would seem if my duty turned out to be to feel nothing at all toward our Heavenly Father—just then in came the Nurse—we had been having a terrible time trying to get Freddie to take any medicine at all—and told me he had just taken his tolu like a little lamb. And I can tell you that then I did feel sure that all was right with the world, and that President Harding's supreme sacrifice, although of course a loss that's perfectly irreparable, was after all a thing that had to happen some day in the order of Nature. And Alfred—how could I have been such an ungrateful wretch as to forget—it suddenly came over me how *you* might actually have been in Tokio the day of the earthquake if you had not overslept and missed your train! Then that feeling of thankfulness just gushed up in my heart and I praised God for keeping you safely so near and yet so safely away from the scene of that appalling tragedy. Yes, dearest, I know what you'll say—that a thankfulness like that isn't really a *rational* thankfulness—still I hope God won't despise a thankfulness which has no reason but just happens.

Since I wrote this I have taken Freddie out for a little airing in his little carriage, and now I am back at my desk who should emerge from his hiding-place but Mr. Lost Clipping! I *knew* there was something I simply had to quote word for word—it comes just after he has spoken of the year which "has brought to our people two tragic experiences"—our great national loss and the appalling calamity in Japan. And then our President—*ours,* Alfred, yours *and* mine!—says: "By experiences such as these men and nations are tested and refined." I am so glad I found the proclamation again, for I might have forgotten to tell you about this part. Ever since last Christmas I've kept noticing a girl in Marshall Field's at the ribbon counter. Her face was always positively radiant. And then, naturally, she dropped out of my sight. But the other day I saw her there, not at the ribbon counter any more, and the change in that girl's face! It is exactly as if the President had had her in mind while writing "tested and refined"—why it is she, it's Miss Brodrick, to the life. I wanted awfully to go up to her and squeeze her arm and say, "I know why, my dear." I am sure she would have understood me. Hark! Freddie lifting up his voice. I'll finish later—now I must fly. P. L.

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Congreve, Collier and Macaulay

The Complete Works of William Congreve. Edited by Montague Summers. Four Volumes. London: Nonesuch Press. 63s.

As the Victorian Age grows dim on the horizon, various neglected luminaries reëmerge—among others the comic dramatists of the Restoration. The work of Sheridan begins to be taken at its true value—as a clever but emasculated rifacimento; the supreme master of prose comedy in English is seen to be Congreve. At least, let us hope so. To those who are still in doubt, or in ignorance, the new complete edition of Congreve's works, published by the Nonesuch Press, and edited by Mr. Montague Summers, should bring conviction or conversion. Congreve now appears for the first time as he should have appeared long ago—as a classic. The get-up of these four quarto volumes—though it cannot be said to equal the perfect amenity of the Baskerville edition of 1761—is admirable; and the critical prefaces, notes and commentaries are a monument of erudition and exactitude. Mr. Summers prints the plays, probably rightly, from the original editions, and not from the last edition published during the author's lifetime, which has formed the basis of all subsequent texts. He thus restores to life several excellent jokes, deleted by Congreve owing to the attacks of Jeremy Collier, though he does so at the cost of relegating various small improvements and polishings to the list of variants; but no doubt—if one must choose—polishings are less valuable than jokes. Another decided gain is the reversion to the original arrangement of the scenes, which had been unnecessarily Frenchified by Congreve himself, and had subsequently undergone a process of serious degradation—still unfortunately visible in the current Mermaid edition. Mr. Summers's interesting introduction is full of learning, argument, and feeling—in fact, perhaps too full. There is an idiosyncratic exuberance about it, which sorts ill with the exquisite impersonality of Congreve. To speak of "the disastrous Revolution of 1688," for instance, and to describe the Lollards as "Wyclif's gang," is odd; and oddity should not appear in Congreve's editor. One small point may be mentioned, as an illustration of the dangers which attend an excess of zeal. "'Tis true we found you and Mr. Fainall in the blue garret," says Mincing, the lady's maid, to Mrs. Marwood; "by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon Messalina's Poems." Mr. Summers has the following note: "Messalina's Poems. Considerable research has failed to trace this book. It is alluded to before as 'a Book of Verses and Poems,' and I would suggest that it was a collection of obscure lyrics and songs clandestinely printed." Alas, for Mr. Summers's "considerable research!" A word with Millamant would have brought light in a moment. For the explanation is as simple as it is delightful: Mincing had got the title of the Book of Verses and Poems just a little wrong; instead of Messalina's, she should have said "Miscellaneous."

The difficulty of distinguishing between what is Miscellaneous and what is Messalina's is not confined to Mincing. The dividing line has never been absolutely drawn, and judges in the High Court are worried with the question to this hour. But at the end of the seventeenth century discussions upon ethics and aesthetics were even more confused and confusing than they are at the present day. For one thing, there were more red herrings on the track. The divine and mysterious requirements of dogmatic theology had to be attended to—so had the almost equally divine and mysterious pronouncements of Aristotle. Jeremy Collier, however, was troubled with no doubts. He saw Messalina everywhere; and, in his Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage, published in 1698, he singled out the dramatists of the time for a violent castigation. To a modern reader, Collier's book is nothing but a curiosity, its only merit being, oddly enough, an aesthetic one—it is written in good plain English. The arguments throughout are grotesque, and it is clear that Collier had never stopped for two minutes to consider the general questions at issue. He supports his contentions by appeals to Tertullian, Minutius Felix, St. Chrysostom, and "the Bishop of Arras;" the ancient drama, he gravely maintains, was less scurrilous than the modern—did not Sophocles show the deepest respect for oracles? As for his conception of what constitutes stage immorality, it is most extraordinary. Any opinion held by any character in a play is assumed to be the author's. Congreve is seriously pronounced to be obscene and blasphemous because he makes his gentlemen say "Pox on't," and his ladies "Jesu!" while Dryden is savagely hectored for "abusing the clergy" because in one of his plays an Egyptian Princess rails at the priests of Apis. Obviously, this absurd volume lay open to more than one crushing rejoinder. Several rejoinders were made; but their ineptitude is symptomatic of the age; and the most inept of all was Congreve's. With a strange perversity the wittiest man alive made a complete fool of himself by rushing into the one position that was untenable. He maintained that his plays were not indecent, but that, on the contrary, they were written to subserve the highest ends of virtue. He, too, actually appealed to the Early Fathers. It is impossible to decide which of the two antagonists is the more ridiculous—Collier when he fiercely anathematizes Congreve for calling a coachman Jehu, or Congreve when he blandly assumes that there is nothing improper in Lady Plyant and Mr. Scandal.

Unluckily, the true nature of this preposterous controversy has become obscured by Macaulay. In an essay, written in that style which, with its metallic exactness and its fatal efficiency, was certainly one of the most remarkable products of the Industrial Revolution, Macaulay has impressed upon the mind of the ordinary reader his own version of the affair. Wishing to make a dramatic story of it, with a satisfactory moral, he has presented Collier as a hero—not, to be sure, without his little shortcomings, but still a hero—who, in the twinkling of an eye, purged not only the English theatre, but English literature itself, of the deplorable and reprehensible grossness which had been disgracing the country for the last forty years. A few inconvenient facts are forgotten—the fact, for instance, that the Restoration Comedies continued to be acted unceasingly throughout the eighteenth century. But, no doubt, it is to the moral revolution effected by the Short View that we owe the exquisite propriety of the farces of Fielding and the chaste refinements of Gulliver's Travels and the Dunciad.

One of the wildest of Macaulay's aberrations is his picture of Collier as a great humorist. As Mr. Summers observes, an utter—a devastating—a positively unnerving lack of humor is the most conspicuous feature of the Short View. Yet Macaulay has the effrontery to mention Pascal in connection with this egregious jackass. He was gambling heavily on none of his readers having the curiosity to open the book.

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Whether Mr. Summers's account of the dispute will supersede Macaulay's seems to be a little doubtful. He is, perhaps, too much of a partisan. His unwillingness to admit the weakness of Congreve's arguments diminishes the force of his denunciation of Collier's. In truth, the question is not so simple. No doubt, as Mr. Summers says, art and life are different things; but wherein precisely lies the difference? Later, Mr. Summers justifies the comedies of the Restoration on the ground that they were a truthful representation of life as it was lived in the high society of the time. "A close parallel," he adds, "may be found in the decadence of Venice." Surely he might have pushed the comparison a little further—as far as the present day. One can easily think of a Mr. Tattle in Bloomsbury, and a Lady Froth in Mayfair. Nevertheless, it is plainly paradoxical to find in The Double Dealer or The Way of the World a faithful presentment of any state of society; it is not in that fashion that real life is lived. What, then, is the explanation of this close resemblance combined with this obvious unlikeness? How is it that we are well acquainted with Mrs. Frail, without for a moment supposing that either she or ourselves are figuring in a Congreve comedy?

Perhaps the truth is that pure comedy, unlike tragedy and drama and most forms of fiction, depends for its existence on the construction of a conventional world in which, while human nature and human actions are revealed, their consequences are suspended. The characters in comedy are real; but they exist in vacuo. They are there neither to instruct us nor to exalt us, but simply to amuse us; and therefore the effects which would in reality follow from their conduct must not appear. If they did, the comedy would cease to exist: the jealous husband would become a tragic personage; the heavy father a Galsworthy character; the rake would be revealed as a pest, and the old bore as . . . an old bore. By the magic of comedy, what is scabrous, what is melancholy, what is vicious, and what is tiresome in the actual life of society is converted into charming laughter and glittering delight.

This being so, it is as futile for the comic writer to pretend that he is, in reality, a moralist in disguise, as it is for the moralist to blame the comic writer for ignoring morality. The true weight of the moral objection lies in a very different consideration. It is perfectly possible that the presentation of such spectacles as comedy presents may prove, in certain circumstances, undermining to the virtue of the spectators. But it is obvious that here no general rule can be laid down; everything depends upon contingencies. The time, the place, the shifting significations of words, the myriad dispositions of the audience or the reader—all these things are variables which can never be reduced to a single formula. Queen Caroline's meat was Queen Victoria's poison; and perhaps Lord Macaulay's poison was Mr. Aldous Huxley's pap. Every case must be considered on its own merits; but, after all, in any case, such considerations have no bearing upon the intrinsic excellence of works of art. Fireworks do not cease to be exhilarating and beautiful because it is dangerous for inexperienced governesses to play with them. The comedies of Congreve must be ranked among the most wonderful and glorious creations of the human mind, although it is quite conceivable that, in certain circumstances, and at a given moment, a whole bench of bishops might be demoralized by their perusal.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Michael Pupin: From Immigrant to Inventor

From Immigrant to Inventor, by Michael Pupin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

MICHAEL PUPIN was born in the Banat, of an old fighting Serbian stock which even in the sixties was restive under Magyar rule and waiting for the deliverance that came with the World War. He was a boy of more than ordinary aptitude for learning, and received educational advantages beyond the reach of most peasant lads. At the age of fifteen he made his way to America, drawn by the hope of acquiring knowledge in the land of Benjamin Franklin, for use in his native Banat. He was penniless when he landed, without art or craft, but the immigration authorities of those days were glad enough to admit an intelligent, sturdy boy with fitness for life stamped on his face and bearing. He soon found work and friends.

It is an interesting fact that except for one trifling instance, Pupin appears to have encountered none of that exploitation of the immigrant that many recent writers regard as characteristic of America. Everybody gave him a helping hand. There are few books that bring out more clearly the kindliness and generosity of the average American character. Or rather, of the average human character. For after his graduation at Columbia, Pupin went to England to study, where he was treated very well indeed; to France, where they were also good to him; and to Germany, where nothing was denied him that could serve his needs. The first lady he loved deeply married him; Columbia University made a position for him; the industrial corporations that bought his inventions paid him well for them.

Such a record is pretty creditable to everybody. But a good part of the explanation lies probably in Pupin's own personality. It was uncommonly easy for everybody to be good to Pupin. You can see why if you read the book.

Loyalty is the characteristic that is most definitely marked. All through the book there is one note ceaselessly recurring, Pupin's native village Idvor. He will not let you forget that the celebrated inventor of today was the peasant boy from Idvor, that he learned wisdom from his mother, insight from Serbian poetry, and received his first scientific impulses from the sights and sounds of the Banat. Loyalty to Idvor, to Serbian nationalism, made room hospitably for loyalty to farm and biscuit factory and college, to fellow workmen, students, teachers and above all, to America.

Besides loyalty Pupin brought with him a sound mind and body and a healthy ego based upon both of these, but more on body than on mind. He was of sufficiently solid individuality to enter into social relations without losing himself in them. He was at once modest and fully conscious of his own worth. There was no room in his soul for envy or the depreciation of others which characterizes so many excellent types whom circumstances have frustrated.

Pupin's life as a trained scholar began just as the great American scientific movement got under way. He has been intensely interested, not only in the special field where his own contributions lie, but in the movement as a whole. He writes of it with remarkable simplicity, for all his enthusiasm. I have never read a book which offers the layman

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so clear and intimate an account of the meaning of modern physical science.

It is a book that ought to be widely read especially by young students, not only because it is sure to kindle their scientific interests, but also because it will introduce them to a type of personality worth emulating.

A. J.

Forty Years of European Diplomacy

History of Modern Europe, 1878-1919, by G. P. Gooch. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00.

FROM the competent hands of Mr. George P. Gooch comes this extraordinarily valuable work. Its title is unfortunate, for it is not a general history, political, social, economic, and intellectual, of Europe during the period indicated. It is rather a history of European diplomacy from the Congress of Berlin to the Congress of Paris, and even within this restricted sphere it makes little pretence of showing the relation to diplomacy either of economic development or of public opinion. It is a sane, straightforward story of the action of European diplomatists in forging the chain of alliance, ententes, and understandings which preceded the Great War and plagued the Parisian peace-makers.

Such a work could not have been undertaken had it not been for revolutions in Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, which broke with the past and unlocked the secrets of imperial chancelleries, and had it not been for the recent wild ambition of every statesman and near-statesman to rush into print with apologetic memoirs. Much light has been shed upon the international diplomacy of the last forty years by the publication of the third volume of Bismarck's Reminiscences, the Willy-Nicky correspondence, and a host of personal apologies and confessions, including those of the Kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg, Hertling, Jagow, Helfferich, Lichnowsky, Schön, Czernin, Andrassy, Djemal Pasha, Poincaré, Tardieu, Viviani, Cambon, Caillaux, Paléologue, Iswolski, Nitti, Asquith, Churchill, Haldane, and Lloyd George, to say nothing of army-officers and official biographers. Even more light may be found in Pribram's Secret Treaties of Austria-Hungary, in Laloy's Secret Documents from the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in Kautsky's German Documents, in Siebert's Documents on Entente Policy, in the French Yellow Books of 1918-1919, and in the Documents from the German Foreign Office under Bismarck. These publications have come so thick and fast that only a few scholars could keep abreast of the new disclosures. That they disproved some of the opinions popularly held early in the war, was made clear to American historians by Professor Sidney B. Fay of Smith College in a series of brilliant articles which appeared in the American Historical Review in 1920-1921. But Professor Fay was addressing a very limited audience, and it has remained for Mr. Gooch to bring out for the edification of the general reading public the first readable digest of all the new but scattered information concerning the recent history of international diplomacy.

Mr. Gooch is admirably qualified for the difficult task. In this, as in earlier works, he has shown great powers of condensation and interpretation; an English Liberal, a close friend of the late Lord Morley, he has read widely without being gullible and has written critically without becoming cynical. He is wholly fair to his own country, but he is equally fair to enemies and allies. He is neither doctrinaire nor dogmatic; he lets his characters speak for themselves (perhaps too much so) and he lets his readers form their own conclusion and point their own moral. He is a splendid exemplar of the historian who can be at once objective and interesting.

It is now patent from Mr. Gooch's pages that the Great War was bungled into and not deliberately plotted. The famous Potsdam Conference of July 5, 1914, at which the German and Austrian governments were long supposed to have conspired to break the peace of Europe and establish Teutonic world-dominion on the ruins of Russia, France, and Britain, must be dismissed as entirely mythical. But this fact does not signify that the Central Empires were guiltless of the larger share of fateful bungling in those mad days of 1914. Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister, came nearer to being a villain than any one else; in his resolution to utilize the popular excitement over the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in order to chastise Serbia, he deliberately suppressed a confidential report of his special investigator and pretended to his own Kaiser and to the German government as well as to the world at large that Serbian officials were involved in the crime although he knew he was lying. The German government—William II and Bethmann-Hollweg—did not know of Berchtold's duplicity and appear to have imagined that by repeating the tactics of 1908-1909 they could isolate the Austro-Serbian dispute and prevent the outbreak of war among the great powers; their fatal mistake was the giving of a solemn secret promise to Austria to help her no matter what might betide,—and Count Berchtold filled in the blank check. There is now evidence aplenty that the influence of army-officials on the civil governments, especially of Russia and Germany, was more decisive in precipitating the Great War than any sinister manoeuvre of diplomatists.

Back of 1914 lie the tangled story of Bismarckian diplomacy and the equally tangled story of Entente diplomacy. In Mr. Gooch's volume are gathered together for the first time the detailed provisions and the attendant circumstances of the Three Emperors' League of 1881, the Triple Alliance of 1882 (with its amendment and renewal of 1887), the treaties of 1881 and 1883 which bound to the Triple Alliance for a time Serbia and Rumania respectively, the proposed Anglo-German alliance of 1889, the Dual Alliance of 1893 between France and Russia, the secret engagement of 1902 between France and Italy, the Franco-British entente of 1904, the Russo-British entente of 1907, and the secret adherence of Turkey to Germany and Austria in July, 1914. Some attention is given, also, to the secret treaties concluded during the Great War.

Altogether Mr. Gooch cannot be praised too highly for having made conveniently available to all who read the English language the authentic story of European diplomacy during the past forty years. It is not a pleasant story or one that will tend to restore the confidence of critical readers in the ability of diplomatists to preserve international peace in an anarchy-infested world of jealous, sovereign states. But it should be read widely and pondered well. Incidentally, it might serve to correct some silly notions still current about the origins of the war.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

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The Able McLaughlins

The Able McLaughlins, by Margaret Wilson. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

FOR her first novel Miss Wilson has taken advantage of the most distinctive opportunity of the American novelist, that which connects itself with the leading motive in American life, pioneering. She places her story among the Scotch settlers of Iowa—with a sense of racial qualities not less rich and true than that which characterizes Miss Cather's masterpiece, My Antonia—and at the close of the Civil War. She pictures the struggle with raw nature, and the untamed elements—the heat of summer, the rain and wind of autumn, the cold and snow of winter —with diseases, fever and ague and typhoid, with the death by rattlers' sting lurking in the grass, so high in summer that children were lost in it. She celebrates the conquest of the land by labor, the humanizing of the landscape by artistry, the replenishing and subduing of the whole region by exultant fruitfulness. The book is animated by the epic motive of The Growth of the Soil. It is not merely material triumph which is reflected in Miss Wilson's references to "the path that has since become one of the nation's highways," to the one hundred and twenty acres which John McLaughlin was paid in lieu of promised cash for a summer's work, and which made him the owner of a town site with forty thousand inhabitants, to the replacement of Wully's little barn by lighted hog-houses, tower-like silos, garages, machine sheds, power houses and ventilated corn cribs. At times the feeling of the book is gathered up in a lyric passage celebrating the sacred union between the pioneer and his land.

> To Wully, as to his father, there was first always, to be sure, the promise of money in growing grain, and he needed money. But besides that, there was more in it than perhaps anyone can say—certainly more than he ever said—all that keeps farm-minded men farming. It was the perfect symbol of rewarded, lavished labor, of requited love and care, of creating power, of wifely faithfulness, of the flower and fruit of life, its beauty, its ecstasy.

Miss Wilson's problem, like that of her pioneers, was one of material and the subduing of it to form. She obviously inherited an immense mass of family tradition of the most authentic sort. The McLaughlins were only more able than a numerous following of kindred, McNairs, Sprouls, Keiths, McWhees, McDowells. Here is a family like that of the patriarchs, growing into a state. It is as impressive in its bulk as the prairies in their sweep. Through this mass of family stuff run the threads of individual human life, a few of which Miss Wilson has caught into a pattern of wrong, suffering, and cleansing passion, of scandal met with proud defiance, of motherhood, of vengeance, and reconciliation. It must be said that her fiction is not of the same magnificent dimensions as her fact. The proportion so perfectly established in another story of pioneering, Maria Chapdelaine, is lacking. But if the plot is at times a little strained and the triangle characters a little dim, we can always detach ourselves from them and find the earth solid beneath our feet. After all it is Isobel, ablest of the McLaughlins, who matters most. And Alex McNair, less stingy than John McKnight who when he went to mill always took with him a hen tied in a little basket to eat the oats that fell from his horse's feeding, while Alex only swept up the grains to carry back to his hens laying eggs at home. And the peony, which started from New York at Washington's inauguration, and by successive generations was carried to Iowa where it brightened Barbara McNair's dooryard on its way to the Pacific. It is of such things that folk-lore is made.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Suspended Judgments

Suspended Judgments, by John Cowper Powys. New York: American Library Service. $3.00.

MR. POWYS is writing for a group of people that is passing away, for an upper class now being quickly submerged in what he feels to be the stupid, pushing and insensitive commercialism that is coming to rule the world. In that sense he is of the past, as indeed he looks toward the past rather than upon the emerging present. The orbit of his volume touches sixteen figures, beginning with Montaigne and Voltaire, no one of them living save Joseph Conrad. These subjects he discusses out of the accumulation of wide and sympathetic reading, and in the cases of Blake, Verlaine and Henry James evidently, with love. Mr. Powys's point of view presupposes comfort. Some of his sentences imply a wave of the hand. They might be spoken easily before a gathering of ladies not too deeply troubled by the vagaries of the human soul. He is one who likes the escape offered by literature from the tumult and the crudities of our day. Contradictions do not disturb him overmuch. Though he makes separate categories of life and literature, yet Mr. Powys finds Balzac heightening his sense of life and de Maupassant possibly vivifying the temper and courage of his readers. The suspended judgment for which Mr. Powys pleads contains these anomalies perhaps. At all events the candor of his apologia is disarming. "I am not in the least ashamed to confess that when I read books, I do so to escape from the pinch of actual facts." He is fond, accordingly, of romantics and of ironists, disparages the modern school without exactly specifying whom he may have in mind, and desires poets to write "with a flaming divine fire, about the huge transactions of life; about love and war and the great throbbing pulses of the world's historic events!" One can sympathize with Mr. Powys for disliking these years. Unfortunately we are obliged to live in them.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

Contributors

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